

BAD SAUCE

CHAPTER ONE

EAST SIDE MANHATTEN, AUTHENTIC FLORAL SHOP, 10am, September 5th, 1998,

I like planting flowers Jimmy, y'know? It's good for the environment.

Hahaha! What?! That's why you plant trees num-nuts! Flowers just smell nice!

Just you wait buddy. In ten years time, I'm going to have the biggest floral business in

Manhattan!

Bullshit Carl! That's what pizza is for, you bendable spine! Hahaha!

A roaring car engine raged in the near distance, quickly approaching both men through a desert heatwave.

Shut up! Look over there! They both turned at the same time, using their hands to block the sun from their eyes.

A raging black car sped into a garbage unit and blew up in smoke.

A man in a black suit and guyliner scurried out the car screaming 'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!' as he

frantically tried to dampen out the flames that were forming on his right sleeve.

Who in the fuck is that? Carl said...

He pulls out a .45 caliber and points it mid way between Carl and Jimmy.

Where are the diamonds! He screamed...

Jimmy and Carl looked puzzled...

Carl: What diamonds? We're just working class people pal.

If I have to shoot fucking diamonds out your ass then so be it!!!

The man fired at Carl first then Jimmy second. Bullets ricochet off open metal

garbage can

flaps, hitting the gunman back in the right arm. He shouted: 'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!'

Both of them ducked under an open sewer vent they were sitting near.

Jimmy: Carl, maybe we should get out of here. Carl: Agreed.

They both crawled on their hands and knees under a fence leading to a sewer entry way.

The gunman screamed in anger: 'I'll get you you motherfuckers! I'll get you! You'll remember me by my name: Hoardius Bellton!!!'